HER ANSWER

BY "SARGON."

- "Twain?" Tis as you will, dear.
- And as we must; Saying, "God's will be done"— God's ways are just. But 'tis you say "Twain," dear,
- See, 'tis not 1; Ever I'll think of you E'er 'tis "Good-by." Some souls are ever one, They seem to part; Unfold the roses "Mine"— You have a heart.
- Tis no ideal one,
- But it is true, And all its warm throbbings, Dear, are for you.
- But it dare not yet claim Love it returns—
 Then, dear, try understand
 This heart that yearns.

A Bride for an Hour

A Thrilling Story of the Johnstown Disaster.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER VL. THE RESCUE.

It was not weakness, although Somers had battled fifteen or twenty minutes in the flood, saving lives, and exhausted, nor any dread that made him weep; he cried like a child because he was powerless to help the hundreds of human beings threatened with the most horrible of deaths.

He was distraught with horror one moment. It was only when he looked down and saw that he was clasping and un-

clasping his hands purposely that he realized his condition.

"Are we all going mad?" he asked a man near him. The man shivered, and man near him. The r turned his head aside. 'Can nothing be done? is there no one

who can try to save some of those people? Is there no way to get at them? Those people on shore—— there, there! see the people in the boats. Why in the name of heaven do they not go to their Then one man, a big, muscular man

whose coat, vest and shirt was off, slowly "If we save ourselves we may thank God!"

Now for the first time Somers suddenly realized that half the men and women around him had lost the greater part of their clothing, and some were almost paked. He looked wonderingly at him-There was not a vestige of clothing up-

on him.

Half the people in the water were de-nuded by the force of the current and violent contact with floating debris.

Somers looked closely at the people in

the attic. There was not a face there he Where were all the people who were

around him half an hour ago? As Somers asked himself this question, a woman pointed to a log that was borne swiftly past, across which an old man was lying. Half of his body was out of water, his arms were extended, lying helplessly on the log, and his head tose and fell on the water's surface. His hair was white; his eyes were closed, seemingly in death. Half a dozen uttered his name. Evidently he was well known. Then another old man came in view. holding two children. Beside him was a woman, who was straining to her breast

a babe. The prople in the attic mur-mured the names of these as they were whirled on to death. Next came—Somers started—it was his intimate friend, the groomsman. He saw Somers, waved a hand wildly, and disappeared, sinking in the flood as a great tree rolled past. He was borne under by some of its branches doubtless. Here and there a man, boy, or woman

could be seen in a flat or skiff. Some of these, crazed by fear or the loss of their family, were unable to control the frail craft, and, indeed, it would have required a brave heart, a cool head, and a firm and steady hand and eye to render service in the straits to which they were

Nearer the mountain sides people in boats were extending helping hands. But out in the middle of the roaring waters human aid availed nothing. Hundreds were ushered into eternity knowing, seeing the fate that awaited them.
At that instant Somers felt a tremor The house a score of people were huddled in in fancied security began to rock. It moved. A mighty ratt of debris was pressing against it.

"We are going."
"We shall all be burned like the others,

a woman moaned. Here is one who will not," said the big muscular man beside Somers. He sprang into the flood as he spoke, resolved to drown rather than be burned. He swam boldly for a few feet, a great log struck him, and he too disappeared from view.

"Here is another," said a tall man whose coat was buttoned tightly. A pistol shot rang in the air and he fell on the

Somers felt the instinct of self-preservation as strong at that moment as he had ever experienced it. He leaped into the water and seized a large beam that promised relief temporarily, at least., while the house he left was swept suddenly and with irresistible force down the stream, where the surging waters 10morselessly ground it to pieces, and all who relied upon it for safety.

Somebody was shouting frantically near at hand. Somers thought he heard his name. He looked toward the shore. There was a man beckoning to him. The man stood up in a flat. He had a large piece of broken board which he used as a paddle. There was not much current

"Jump, Mars' Somers! Jump into de water, fo' de Lawd's sake jump, an' 1'll reach yo'. Dat timber'll carry you 'way. Jump!

Somers realized this much himself. But there was so much between him and the man in the nat that the case seemed hopeless. Finally he left the beam, and once more was swimming-battling for A piece of scantling whirling in the water struck him on the side. sank, rose, struck out again manfullythen felt his strength leaving him.

Human endurance could stand no more -the limit was reached; throwing up his hands, he sank once more. He ross again, and a powerful hand grasped his

"I've got hold-got a good grip, Mars Somers. Easy now, hinny-don't you fuss none!"

Then Somers felt himself pulled slowly into the flat, where he fell powerless to utter his thanks to his savior. "Doan' yo' know me, Mars Somers?

Wait; when we git ashore yo'll come to yo'self. I'm Si—Si Harkess—Squire Jepson's man. Somers looked at him helplessly. When

he recovered his breath, he sat up. So strong hands soon put the end of the flat against a house half covered with water. "Dar'; jump in dar'—dere's a shed roof back dar. You kin step right off 'n de roof to de groun'. Dere's whole lot o people dar; mos' likely dey'll know you.

Where is the Squire-and Mrs. Jep-"Doan' ask me-I did see de Squire out'n de water-den he got in agin. I doan' know-none of us knows what we

burstin'-no time to cry, even. I'se glad saw you, Mars Somers. Is-isdon't you git in dar?"

And then Si, whose will reminded him it was best not to speak of the bride at that time, suddenly put a hand up.

There were tears there now. He, too, stepped out of the flat. He had helped scores of people, but he had performed

the last act of kindness that was in his

power. No man could guide a craft a

moment longer in those waters.
When Somers sprang from the roof of the shed on the sloping mountain-side to the ground he saw numbers of people hurrying hither and thither. All were so busy helping each other, carrying children and helping the wounded and aged up the mountain-side that no one noticed

Meanwhile Si Harkess pulled his coat off and handed it to him, saying, "Yo put dat on, Mars Somers; 't will do some good till yo' fin' clothes somewhar. An' it may keep yo from catchin' death. Dat's it. Button it. Darl Now you're fixed till you get among men folks, an—"
"Where is—did you see Mr. or Mrs.
Broadhurst, S:2"

"Mr. Broadburst, he's all right, I reckon. Mrs. Broadburst an' de preacher, dey's both up on de hill somewheres. Bes' move along-

"Are all the others gone?" "Doan', for Gawd's sake, speak no mo', Mars Somers - I can't stan' it."

Then Si Harkess broke down completely and sobbed like a child, while Somers stood looking at him with dry

eyes.
"Doan' look at me, Mars Somers; I can't bear it. Your eyes scotch me. Go 'long quick; get among men folks. Dar, now! We can't do no good huyer. Move along, hunny; come!"
Then Somers felt himself urged along

by Si, who held his arm tightly. As he hurried on. Si muttered: Wus'n drownin'! wus'n burnin'! Looke like 's he gwine clean crazy!"

> CHAPTER VII. ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Somers submitted to the negro without speaking. He was plunged in thought. After all, was it worth while to live? It were best to die. Why did he not die with his wife?
"Mister Jerrold, dis is Mars Somers."

Somers looked up to meet the look of a middle-aged man he remembered having met somewhers. Mr. Jerrold's eyes were inflamed with weeping; his face was grimy. He cast a penetrating glance up-on Somers, and the words that were shaped in his mind were unuttered. Instead, he took Somers by the hand, say-

Come this way, and we will try to get some clothes for you. There's everything going to waste; it will keep you from tak-Directly Mr. Jerrold stood with Somers

in a group of men, several of whom were wearing shawls and women's clothes, freshly donned, evidently. Somers was handed a pair of cast-off trousers or overalls and a fiannel shirt. He put these on mechanically; meanwhile Mr. Jerrold observed him intently. "You ought to have something on your

hand.' Semers looked at his right hand. There was a deep cut in it, and the blood was flowing freely. Until now he had not

"And your head—that is an ugly gash. Somers put his hand to his head. There was a great lump on the side of his head; blood trickled from it.

"It does not matter," he said. Mr. Jerrold called another man to him. "Heavens! Somers! Are you hurt much?' It was Enoch Broadhurst spoke. Som-

ers shook his head.
"Come—this way," said Broadhurst,
"I can't give you much time—I must help
the Fordyces over there. Here!" He seized a common waterpail that was placed under a rude bench that had been lifted out of the water, and set on the mountain side. There was a small

earthen pitcher on the bench. "Swallow that," said Broadhurst, handhim the nitcher he dinned There was a gill of whisky in the pitcher. Somers did not know what the pitcher contained until it was at his Then he had gulped so much of

it down that it burned his throat. "Harkess-and you, Jerrold-keep an eye on him until I return." Then Broadhurst hastened down to a house in which several people were moving about, while others on the mountain side placed boards up to the windows for the occupants of the house to escape. This was the work Enoch Broadhurst as-

sisted in. When the last member of the family was gotten out-not without considerable peril to those who aided them-Broadhurst returned to Jerrold and Som-

It was plain that Mr. Jerrold and Broadhurst were concerned about Somers, who looked out on the waste of waters now like a man in a dream. A woman, distraught with grief, passed them at that moment, bearing the dead body of a child in her arms. Behind her came a

little giri, and next the girl walked a man carrying a lame boy. The boy was de-formed, but his expression was angelic. The father was crying. The boy was trying to comfort his father.

"Let me down now, papa," he said when they came opposite Somers. "I want to rest. I am tired—and you can rest too.

The man laid him down gently on the ground. Then Somers saw that the boy's arm hung limp. He tried to speak to his father once, twice—a gurgling sound issued fom his throat, then a torrent of blood flowed forth. There was a single gasp, then the boy lay motionless. His

ife went out in that gasp.

The father clinched his hands and turned his eyes heavenward with a frightful imprecation. Somers knelt beside placed a hand on his heart and stroked his beautiful head. Then a gush of tears blinded him. He felt for the moment as though his hand rested on her

He lifted the dead boy; the father made no sign, and Somers, who, ten minutes before was so weak that he staggered, now felt strong enough to bear the boy further

up the mountain side. When Enoch Broadhurst sought him, he found him striving to comfort the dis-tracted mother. Mr. Jerrold was com-

pelled to turn aside. You have lost some one, too," said Somers to Jeriold.

"God help us all-yes. The apple of my eye-my only solace in the world has My daughter and her babe-the babe that was my pride. Swept away before I could reach them—and me look-

Somers reached out a hand. Jerrold clasped it convulsively, and they wept to-Enoch Broadhurst called to Jerrold

zether. loudly at that moment, waving a hand to a point below him. Jerrold walked toward him, and Somers, after casting an-

other look back at the group on the rock around the dead boy, followed Jerrold.

Mr. Broadhurst was bending over the body of a man. He had turned the face of the dead man upward. When Jerrold approached, Broadhurst straightened himself and waited for Jerrold to speak. Si Halkess came forward at the same time "Poor Mr. Kutledge!" exclaimed Jer-

"Yes," said Harkess with a shudder, "dat's Mars Rutledge. He done killed. See he head." "I do not find any papers about him-

nothing so far by which to identify him, said Enoch Broadhurst. "Dat's Mars Rutledge, Mars Broadhus" -taint no one else," said Si Harkess. "I thought so, but it is possible to make a mistake."

"I know it is Mr. Rutledge," said errold. "See, there is the broken tooth Jerrold. rou have noticed."

"I did not observe that," said Broadhurst; "I am almost sure it is Rutledge. was why I called you. We must

have the body removed speedily.

He was bending over the body again.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "There has been murder here." He bared the dead man's breast, and they beheld a bullet-hole. "I cannot understand this -I fear there has been foul play. This

must be looked into."
"Do you think he would shoot him-self?" Somers asked. He was alert self?" Somers asked. He was alert again; the fever had let his eyes. His actions, words and looks were those of a rational man.

Why do you ask that?" "Because I saw a man shoot himself a

little while ago. He was resolved he should not be burned to death." *That is utterly unlike Rutledge. He would have died at the stake if it was necessary. How do you feel now?" He

looked narrowly at Somers.

"Very tired—but I can help some yet."

"Well, in that case, there is plenty for us all to do who are alive. There are people down there who do not know what they are doing. Unless they are taked to compelled to leave the water's edge, they will be drowned, and God knows

enough have been lost."

It was nightfall before Somers and his companion ceased their work. Then the reaction was so great that he was overcome with sleep five minutes after he sat down on the mountain side. Jerrold sat near him, but there was no

sleep for Tom Jerrold that night. There were thousands of others on the mountain side that night who did not sleep—thousands who, like Tom Jerrold, mourned their dead—many who were, like Tom Jerrold, the sole survivors of families that were destroyed by the South Fork Dam.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAS IT PRCVIDENCE? Tidings of the overwhelming calamity traveled fast. The telegraph wires flashed it half way across the continent that

The first to receive the news were the newsgatherers in Pittsburgh. The writers on the press, the printers, and pressmen were wearied, fagged out, pre-paring the details for their readers.

The builetins startled the workers who passed the newspaper offices. By the time the business world had its eyes open, thousands were looking on the Allegheny, which was running bank full. Evidences of ruin were abundant at dawn. It was not until the morning was well advanced, however, that the surface of the river became thickly covered with all manner of debris. Then the houses, barns, shops, and lumber—all the floating matter swept away by the flood be-low the bridge at Johnstown—was borne past the city at the head of the Ohio.

The tidings of the disaster were borne up the Allegheny Valley again by the trainmen, by the morning newspapers, by hundreds of workingmen. By the time the debris had reached from shore to shore, hundreds of eyes in every town and hamlet in the Allegheny Valley were scanning the waters.

There were courageous men ready and

anxious to succor victims of the flood. They sat in skiffs, looking out over the

Here and there, where large masses of the wreck were collected into rafts, boats pushed out at great risk to the occupants; who examined the debris, and satisfied themselves that no human being was fastened between the interlaced frag-

ments of timber and lumber.

At Verone, seven miles from Pitts-burgh, a large crowd of workingmen wers gathered together, encouraging those who had skitts to go out. One keen-eyed man, looking over the broad expanse of water, directed atten-

tion to a cradle far out in the river. Instantly all eyes were fixed upon the object, and the occupant of a skiff urged to make his way to it. This man did not require urging. The

drift was very thick. It required no little labor and ingenuity to row a sklff across the current that was bearing a mass of debris onward. to the task he set himself. He made his

way carefully to the cradle, which was now almost abreast of the crowd assembled on the bank of the river. At this juncture speculation was rife among the lookers-on. What if there should be a child in the cradle, one ven-

tured to say. There was a movement among the crowd. One positive man reminded the man who made the remark that that drift had floated from fifty to seventy miles.

Another equally positive said: "That stuff comes all the way from Johnstown. It aint likely that any one will come down

this far alive. "If there is unything in that cradle it is dead. "Why," said another, "think of the aw-

ful weather. Do you think a child could live through the night in that river—the air would chill a stout man."

The man who thought a child might be found in the cradle meanwhile held his

peace. The absurdity of the idea grew or him, too, as he looked at the rushing The man in the skiff was now very near the object of all this solicitude. Those on shore could see him moving through the drift with rare deliberation. They observed him resting on his oars one

minute as he looked over his shoulders,

Then he pushed forward, rowing rapidly until the boat touched the drift that sustained the cradle. When the skiff seemed to be wedged into the drift, the occupant stood up suddenly. The people on shore could see him bending over the cradle-could see him lifting something, but whether he took it out of the cradle or from the

debris beside it no one could be sure. They beheld him moving around in eculiar manner. Then he sat down and egan to row shoreward. Now it was anparent that there was something in near the cradle. The owner of the skift was bringing the cradle to the shore

"What is he doing? If there's anything in the cradle, why don't he bring it ashore and let the cradle go?" "If there was a live baby in that cradle I wouldn't give a pin for its chances. A stick or log will hit it, and over it will

go--mark my words. Jack Alward ought to have more sense."
"Never you mind Jack; he knows what

"I'll bet he'll never bring that cradle "You'll see now. He has tied it to the skiff.

The interest in the cradle was now very great. Some women who were standing apart approached the man eagerly. One asked, "Can you see what Mr. Alward is doing?-is there anything in the cradle, do you think?"
"I think," said one man, dryly, "Jack
Alward is bound to have that cradle after

rowing out there to see what was in it— as if anything living could be in it now. matter what might have been there last night. said another with a laugh, "Jack's going to save himself the expense of buying a cradle.
"Look, look!" one of the women ex-

"I saw a baby's hands in the skiff." The men laughed scornfully. The woman persisted. "I know there's a baby

"She is right." said a man. "I saw a baby's hand just now. See! There's wo hands. "Pooh! If there's anything in the skiff it's a dog. Jack is very fond of dogs. You saw a dog's tail wagging, or

"I tell you it was a baby's hands," said the other argrily. "I guess my eyesight's By this time a great crowd had gathered at the river edge. Jack Alward's errand created all manner of speculation.

There were quirks and jokes at the expense of the man and woman who de-clared they beheld a baby's hands in the

One solitary individual, standing apart, pulled a spy-glass out of his pocket and looked steadily at the skiff which was forced down far below the crowd now by the current, in spit of all that Jack Al-ward could do to effect a landing higher

up.

This man calmly passed his glass to another, and the second man who looked through the glass shouted that he beheld

a babe's hands held up plainly.

Then the crowd ran pell-mell down the river bank. Every man there wanted to be first at the edge of the river when Jack Alward pulled his skiff to the shore.

Jack rowed deliberately to the shore;
long before his skiff touched the shore

his friends shouted to him: "What have you got there?"
"Is it really a child?"

Jack vouchsafed no roply. There was no need. Hundreds beheld a child's hands moving in the boat. Then a shout went up. Some one pro-posed a cheer for Jack Alward. It was given with a will, and just then he stepped ashore, carrying a babe in his

building, a few stiff and staring ex-The crowd impeded his steps. Everyamples of the wax maker's art were body wanted to see the babe that survived the awful flood. Women cried tears of joy, and laughed as they wiped

their cheeks. "Let's carry it in its cradle, Jack," said s friend. "It's mine, beys; I found it. It's mine

to keep!"
"To be sure it is. But let us carry it up to your house in the cradle, Jack. This is the second Moses. "Yes, let us put Moses No. 2 back in the cradle, Jack."
"Agreed!" said Jack.

Then the cradle was placed on the ground, "Moses No. 2" was placed in it again, and a merry procession escorted the babe to Jack Alward's door. In less than an hourevery man, woman, and child in the town had the satisfaction of looking upon the babe that Jack

Alward rescued from the river. CHAPTER IX. TOM PETERS' HEIR.

Somers slept soundly for hours. He

He thought he was traveling in strange country. Of all the people he en-countered in his journeys not one knew him. He journeyed by water. The scenery was lovely, the air balmy; everywhere there was life and joy. It seemed a perpetual holiday. All the world was journeying. It seemed the world was journeying. It seemed the most natural thing in the world of his dreams.

He found himself unexpectedly in a

vast building. It was like one of those huge hotels seen on the seashore. There was music everywhere. Young and old were laughing, talking, enjoying the music, and looking on various games. There was a vast ball-room and in this the dancers were without number.

Somers danced too. He could see from where he was dancing a vast sheet of water which until now escaped his at-tention. This water was placid as the Suddenly a scene of peril caused Somers to go to the balcony near at hand. He leaned out over it, and as he looked an awful accord filed the second state.

awful sound filled the air. The people

around him were wholly unaware of their peril, but it was plain to Somers that the great building would topple and plunge over a water fall greater than Niagara. He did not cry out; he gave no warning sound. He simply availed himself of sound. He simply availed himself of the chance to leap out on the bosom of the lake, trusting to chance to enable him to escape the fate of those he left behind him. He leaped out of the house

-and awoke. The roar of the waterfall was in his ears.

He sat up. Tom Jerrold was walking back and forth on the mountain side clasping and unclasping his hands.
Somers was on his feet presently.

Seeing him up, Jerrold spoke to him: "What is it, man? Best lie down again. You can do no good. No one can

help now.' They were in a dent in the mountain Standing or lying there, it was impossible for any one to witness the horrors transpiring at the railway bridge. Jerrold was resolved that Somers should not see them. lest he should conclude, so many others did, that all they loved were imprisoned in the debris and slowly

burning. Where is Mr. Broadhurst and

"I'm hyur, Mars' Somers-right 'long side you. "Lie down again," said Jerrold. "Why don't you lie down?"

"I did, but I could not sleep." "You have exhausted yourself. You are hurt. You need rest. Lie down again. If you are needed I will wake Thus counseled, Somers lay down Where did this heavy coat come from

When Columbus discovered America

the two most valuable and important

cereals known to the Indians were corn

and wild rice. Corn has been contin-

ually cultivated and greatly improved

during three or four centuries, but our

native rice has been so generally

neglected that few persons seem to know

that such a grain exists, growing along

the banks of thousands of streams, cov-

ering millions of acres, in swamps, bays

and salt-water and fresh-water meadows,

the food of myriads of wild ducks,

geese and other graminivorons birds. The aborigines of North America knew

the value of and highly appreciated this

grain, gathered it when ripe, and stored

it in vast quantities for winter. As this

species of rice, like its near relatives, the

cultivated varieties, thrives best in low

and submerged lands, the Indians could

readily harvest the crop while paddling

or pushing their canoes through the

dense thickets of this grain-bearing

grass, by merely bending the heads over

their frail vessels, and either shaking or

beating out the seeds. Many early voy-

agers and settlers in this country were

highly pleased with this wild rice, and

some of our earlier botanists gave rather

Elliott, in his Botany of South Caro-

lina and Georgia, says that "this grass

mouths of our fresh-water rivers. It

constitutes a considerable portion of the

fresh-water marshes, preferring those

situations where the soil is overflowed

one to two feet deep at high water." He

adds that the leaves are succulent and

eaten with avidity by stock, but it does

not appear to have been found of much

importance for forage. There are really two species of this wild rice, one

with a round grain, the other oblong;

the latter is most common, and extends

much the farthest northward, in fact its

original home appears to be around the

great lakes of the Northwest, from

whence it may have been deseminated

by the prehistoric races of America or by

the many streams flowing from these re-

gions. Seedmen do not usually have a

call for the seed, but a visit to almost

any tide-water bay or marsh on the east

shore of Pennsylvania or New Jersey

during November would afford oppor-

tunity of gathering an almost unlimited quantity.—New York Tribune.

grows in great abundance near

extravagant accounts of its value.

And this—what is it?" "it is a piece of tarpaulin. It will keep of the work. you warm [TO BE CONTINUED.] Neglected Wild Rice.

> cure a likeness the hair of the head is also formed. When the head is finished in clay it is approved either as regards its propor-

when so approved it is ready for the molder to handle. The next operation is an important destroyal of the likeness obtained by long and patient work. This operation is the cutting away of all the clay which represents the hair and beard of the head is ready for its final shaping. original. This mutilation is necessary, because the hair and beard are to be

too hard to run.

When the mold is cut in five or six from slipping apart at an inopportune moment. While these operations on the hand are

under way the bodies which are to complete the figures are being made in a somewhat different manner. As explained above only those portions of the upper part of the body as are to be exposed are made in diay. The hands, arms and extremities are made in most cases from living models.

different positions of the hands and arms are made from male and female models,

and a plaster cast is made from them in the same way as described above. In a great many cases where certain poses are needed casts are also made from the lower limbs. Even the trunk is some-

As none but the exposed portions of a figure are made of wax, on account of the great cost partly, the bodies are made of papier-mache. The molds for these portions of the figure are made in two pieces for each lower limb, upper limb, forearm, upper arm or trunk. These molds, when perfectly hard, are ready for the mannikin maker. A woman does this work. up to its completion. Until a few years

> The first operation is the fitting of pieces of cardboard in each half mold. To this is glued a layer of coarse bagging and after that alternate layers of carboard and bagging until the structure is nearly a quarter of an inch thich. It is then coated on the inside with a thin layer of plaster. When all these parts are taken from

> the molds and put together the result is a very graceful reproduction of a nude human figure, minus the arms, head and neck in most cases, though the arm is very often made in this way.

Numbers of these figures stand about

in the mannikin room awaiting the time when the wax portions are to be attached and the whole figure made ready for exhibition. To insure that the final clothing of the mannikins shall hang properly the mannikins are invested with complete suits of knit underclothing. We will now follow the head and the other portions of the figure which are to be finished in wax. These particular molds are now taken in charge by Mr.

Thys and are carried down to the wax room. This room is a sort of hot box, the temperature being at 120 degrees at all times. The most delicate operation of all is now made. In a long, wooden tank at one end of the room the mold is placed in water. Connected with this bath is a steampipe. When the mold is ready

the steam is turned on, and, the water

becoming heated, the mould i: soon ready for the box. The wax used for the figures is the best obtainable quality of American bleached beeswax, which comes in thin disks. It is perfectly white when bought, and in this state it is melted down until it has reached the consistency

of oil. As it is not desirable to make the heads and hands of such pale material, the artist colors it to suit his needs. For a head and 'nce he mixes in the wax when melted certain quantities of dry colors. These colors are Prussian blue, crimson lake and silver white. When the wax is meant for heads requiring a more sombre tint or for the hands of males, some burnt umber is added.

It is necessary to insure a good wax mold to have an almost exact temperature in the wax and the heated plaster mold. Experience has taught the artist the proper time to take out his plaster, and when it is just hot enough it is oiled to prevent the wax from sticking and stood on its head on the stone floor.



SOME LIFE SIZE MANIKINS.

A large funnel is now placed in the opening at the neck and the wax is poured into the funnel, the lower end of which is as far down in the mold as it will go. When the amount of wax needed to fill the whole space has been poured in, the funnel is pulled out slowly and the wax is distributed gradually. If the wax is poured directly into the mold from the large tin vessel in which it is melted but bles are apt to form in places where

they may mar the surface of the head. After tifteen minutes' time has partially hardened the wax nearest the mold, the soft wax in the centre is poured back into the tin. In the fifteen minutes allowed for cooling, the wax left in the mold when the soft postion is poured out is about one-quarter of an inch in thickness, although it may vary a sixteenth in some places. Such variation is not objected to, as it serves to

give transparency to the head. Very often when the mold is unwrapped of the strong ropes which hold it together during the pouring, and taken apart, the wax is found to have one, as it means to a certain extent, the | stuck fast to some part of the plaster not fully oiled. This necessitates the

operation being done all over again. The day following the melting the Though it is now perfect as regards the general features, there are many roughnesses apparent, especially along the lines where the plaster mold had its joinings. These lines and any little lumps that may have been caused by small holes in the plaster are carefully shaved down. The eyes of the waxen partially hardened and the work of cut- head are simply rounded reproductions ting the mold into pieces is begun. A of the human eyeball and the mouth is generally partially open, with no modelings of the teeth. When the wax is as hard as it can be made by the atmosphere a crooked tool with a round end is pieces the lowest end, at the base of the | heated and the eyes are burned out from neck, is cut away in the centre, leaving the inside of the hollow head. The back wall of the open mouth is similarly treated, and the head is now ready for the accessories. The rims of the eye have to be painted and other parts of face made deeper or lighter in color.

One of the most artistic operations is the reproduction of the color of the human lip. This effect is not made with paints, but is obtained by the skillful laying on of colored wax. A spatula, a small modeling tool, is heated in an alcohol flame and pressed into a cake of wax of the proper color. This while hot is distributed along the two lips thinly, and although it gets lighter in color when hot it dries or hardens to just the desired tint. In heads where the design calls for uneven teeth the artist introduces small pieces of wax and shapes them to suit the subject. Ordinarily the teeth used are the usual variety of false teeth procured from the dentist supply houses. Many of the male heads have to be

represented as recently shaven, and the

work necessary to give the life size face

a little sharp needle point the artist punctures the face in many thousand places. While the holes are not as close together as the hairs in a man's beard are the head when finished has the proper appearance.



MANIRIN SECTIONS SHAPED IN MOLDS. After the tedious operation of puncturing is done black color is rubbed all over the cheeks and the chin, and then the surface of the face is wiped off with a dry cloth. The paint that has gone into the little holes in the face remains, and the effect, even when you stand close to the figure, is very fine.

Putting in the eyelashes is a very difficult and slow piece of work. The wax at the eyelid is very thin, as the edge has been trimmed to sharpen the lid and do away with any appearance of clumsiness. Along both lids little holes very close to another are punched, and every hair has to be carefully pushed in and poised so as to give the whole row a natural regularity.

The eves used in the figures are about the only things that have to be imported. It was found that the only eyes that could be got here were the substitutes for human ones that are occasionally used by oculists. As this sort proved too expensive, an inferior but fully as useful eye was brought from abroad. They are made to order and come in several sizes.

Putting the hair in its place is one of the most interesting operations of the clever French artists. The hair is procured in this country and is of all colors and degrees of fineness and coarseness imaginable. Tradition having credited some olden time ruler with a peculiar kind of hair, the right sort of thing, if not in stock, must be procured and imitated .

The "ciriers" method of applying the bunch of it in one hand and a small stick, in the end of which are three and some times four needles, in the other. The needles are pushed down into the wax through the bunch of hair, and at each insertion are sure to take some of the hair ends down with them. Sometimes when the loose bunch is pulled away two hairs stay and sometimes all four needles are successful. With a large bunch of hair and incessant puncturing it is only a matter of a few hours work to cover a head with a closely fitted crop of hair. When this is done the wax head can be held up by its covering without any danger of the hair coming out.

Putting a sparse growth of hair on a head that is supposed to be on the verge of perfect baldness is a most delicate work. The hairs have to be put farther apart and the artist cannot work so fast. The short stubby beard, supposed to be the growth of about two weeks, is very difficult to reproduce. These short hairs have to be put in one by one, as the eyelashes are, and there is very little to show for a day's work. The eyebrows of most figures are thick, and therefore easy to handle--comparatively.

The hands attached to wax figures are. in some respects the most perfect and realistic features. They are really made from life.

Another evidence of the care that artistic feeling prompts the clever "cirier" to take is the making of the fingernails of his figures. Thin sheets or strips of horn, very transparent and naillike are cut out to fit the large or small fingers. A small piece of the pink wax used tocolor the lips is put on each before it is affixed to the finger end. When the nail is in place the hand looks as though it

could move, so lifelike has it become. Most of the historical costumes which drape the groups are made by a little lady on the premises. They are beautiful in quality and workmanship, and are put together nearly as strongly as though they were to be worn about the streets or on the stage. All these artists are advocates of thoroughness and they make their work fit for the closest in-

spection. It is the modern costume that generally fails to adapt itself to the wax figure, in spite of the fact that the manikins are so carefully made as to imitate nature in all its lines and poses. Yet the fact remains that a wax figure in an ordinary suit of coat, vest and trousers presents a queerness of appearance that is inexcus-



FINISHING A HEAD.

able when one knows how graceful a model is hidden beneath it. If some appliance could be invented that would enable the wax man to vibrate enough to give the muscles of his limbs the appearance of working it is possible that this stiff look would disappear .- New York Herald.

No Place for His Spectacles. An Irish beggar woman was following

gentleman who had the misfortune to lose his nose, and kept exclaiming, Heaven preserve Your Honor's eyesight." The gentleman was at last annoved at her importunity, and said "Why do you wish my eyesight to be preserved? Nothing ails my cyesight, nor is likely to do." "No, Your Honor," said the Irish woman, "but it will be a sad thing if it does, for you will have nothing to rest your spectacles this effect is something enormous. With upon."-New York Star.

WAX FIGURES.

OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Has Reached a High Stage of

Nicety-Obstacles Overcome

by the "Cirier."

the wax figures and groups exhibited in

this country were most crude and unfin-

ished. The light demand for them, ex-

cept in cheap amusement halls, was reason-

able for the poor quality of work, and there was no incentive given to clever

wax artists abroad to show us just what

could be done in the way of mechanical

In Barnum's old-time museum, which

stood on the present site of the Herald

reproduction of life.

A HEAD MODEL READY FOR THE WAY . supplemented by two or three figures so realistic as to suggest to the intelligent observer that there were possibilities in wax figures previously unknown in

America. The wax work of to-day have reached probably the highest degreee of excellence. The well-executed figure has all the grace that a living figure could show if posed in as immovable a style as the other. They all look stiff to the eye which lingers on them for any length of time, because they are absolutely motion-

A single glance at a good figure will find in it not only a good pose, but what the artist calls action, but when the eye gets more accustomed to the work its immovability soon suggests a stiffness that is really not evident. Some years ago several expert wax

figure makers, Frenchmen for the most part, were brought to this country. The leading man in an establishment of this kind is the sculptor. To secure good results it is necessary that the sculptor should be highly capable. At the present time Mr. Feinberg is at the head of a corps of assistants in a suite of rooms which are filled with lifelike figures in all

degrees of preparation. When a single figure of a group is needed the sculptor gets together his pictorial matter, if the order is for something historical, and with the aid of this material he makes a careful drawing, showing the figures properly draped, and in addition, all the accessories that would go in to the completed work. This sketch being approved, a small model in basrelief is made of the whole design, and this miniature design being approved, or altered until satisfactory to the committee

the actual work is begun. As the average wax fixure is the reproduction of some man or woman of note in past or present the greatest skill on the part of the sculptor is necessary to produce a likenes. Very often there is nothing but a portrait to work from, and that is not always in the exact shape or

position that the group calls for. There have been many instances, however, where living celebrities have consented to pose for the sculptor, and thus made a strong work possible. Mr. Constant Thys, a skilful "cirier," as the French term it; a word which fully translated means "waxer," told the writer that the difficulties experienced in portraiture were the most exhausting part of

When the sculptor has secured all the material possible he begins to shape a head in clay. If the design calls for an exposure of the body below the neck, as in the case of a savage, the shoulders are reproduced in clay as well as the head. If the face is a bearded one the beard is modelled in form, and naturally to se-

tions or its likeness to the original, and

made eventually of the real article. The head of clay, when stripped, is now oiled and then covered by Mr. Berti, the sculptor's assistant, with a coating of plaster of Paris about three or four inches thick. In ten minutes this coating is sharp knife will cut through this doughlike substance, now too soft to chip and

an opening about five inches in diameter, if the head is life size. On one of the cut sides of each piece the artist makes two or three holes at intervals of three inches. On the piece which fits against it he places little dabs of soft plaster. The holes are now oiled and the whole mold is put together again. The soft plaster dabs are now allowed to harden in the oiled holes, and when the mold is taken apart again it is provided with little "locks," which prevent the pieces

When a group has been designed the

THE LIFE-LIKE REPRODUCTION

times reproduced in this way. Processes and Details of an Art That Few people who look at a waxwork group of artistic make have any idea of the manifold operations which have led